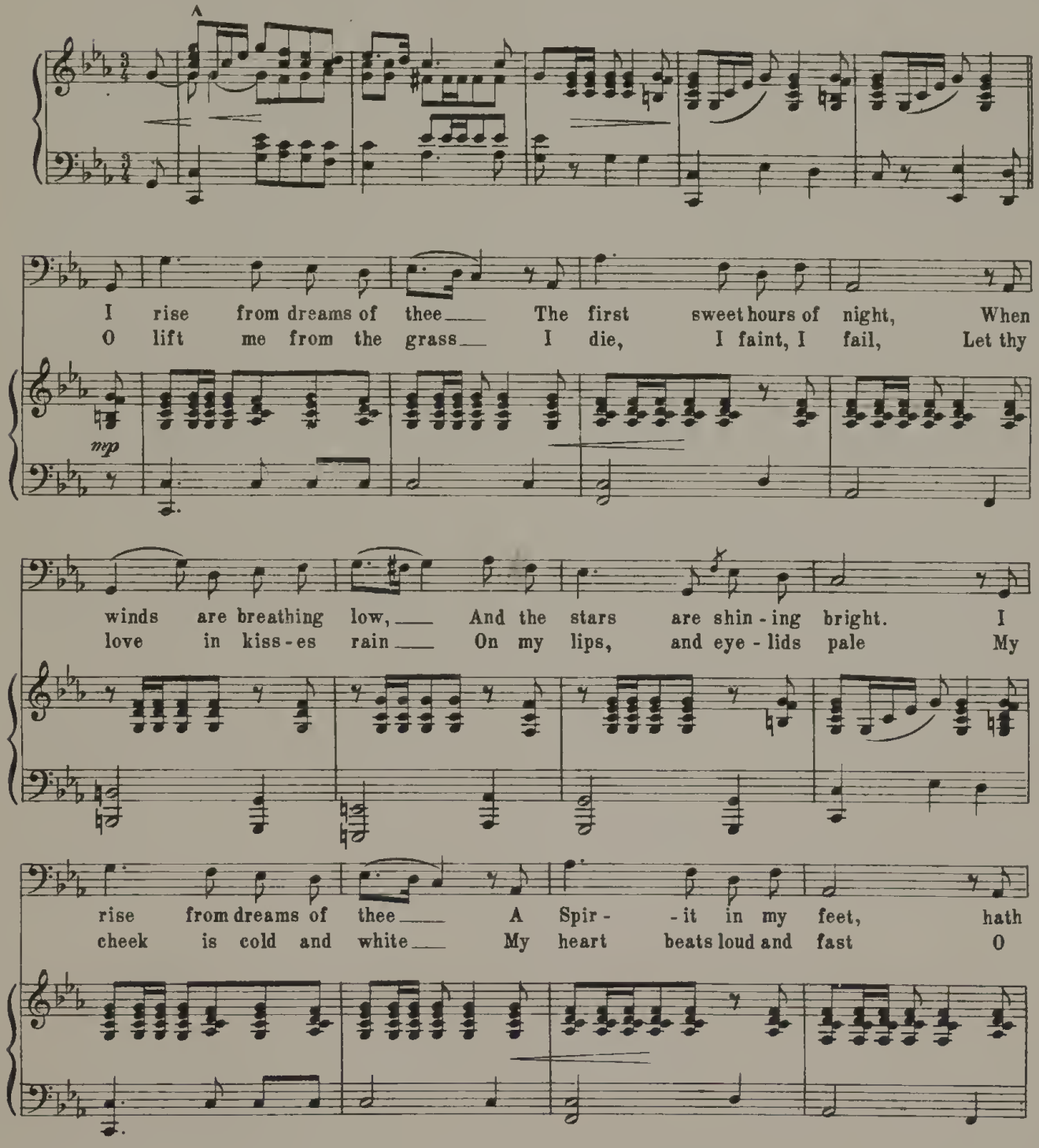
# A SERENADE

## By Florence Noonan Gemmer

Published by Forence Noonan Gemmer, St. Louis, Mo.

# "A Serenade"

Music by
FLORENCE NOONAN-GEMMER


A
I rise from dreams of thee The first sweet hours of night, When
O lift me from the grass I die, I faint, I fail, Let thy
mp
winds are breathing low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I
love in kiss - es rain On my lips, and eye - lids pale My
rise from dreams of thee A Spir - - it in my feet, hath
cheek is cold and white My heart beats loud and fast O

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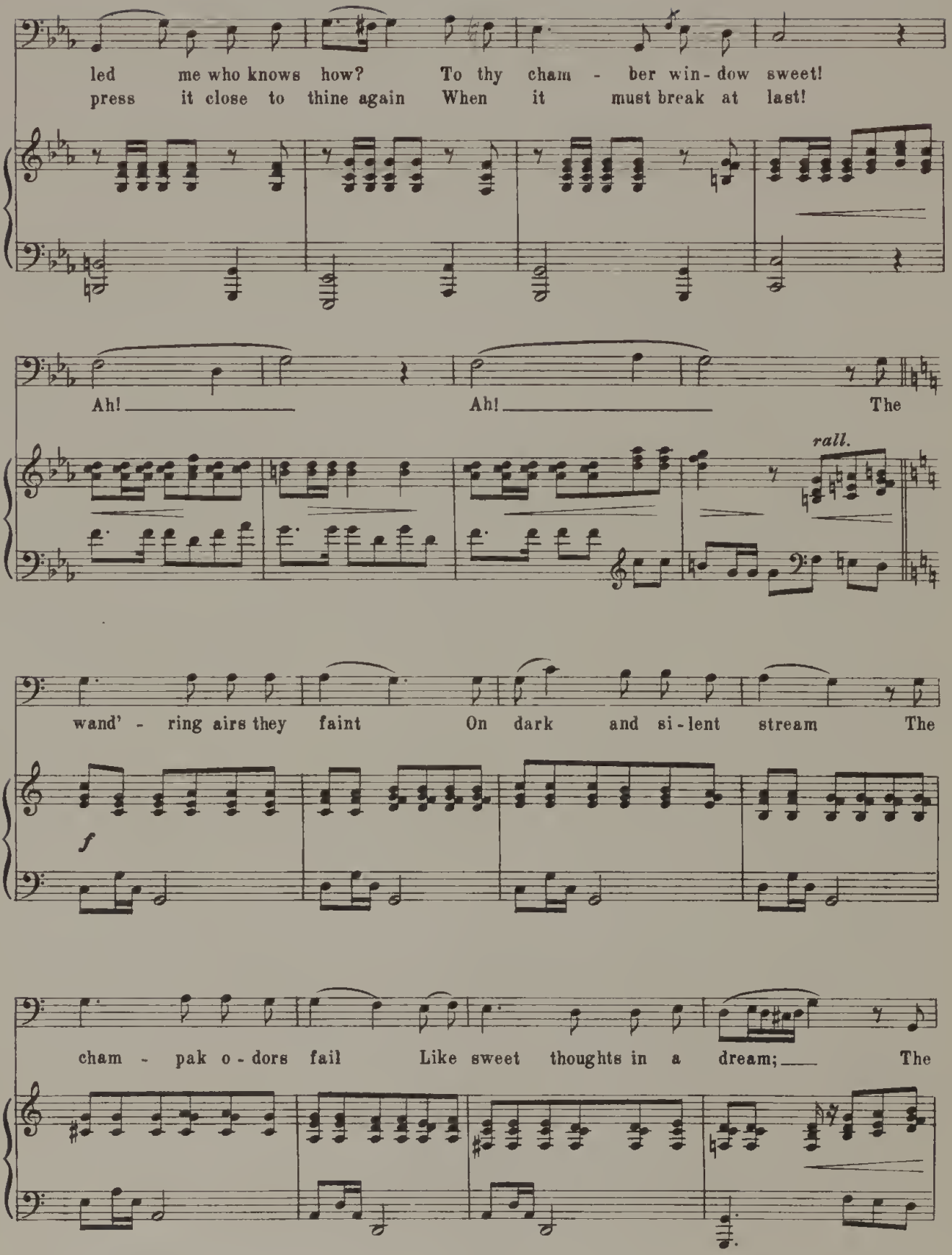
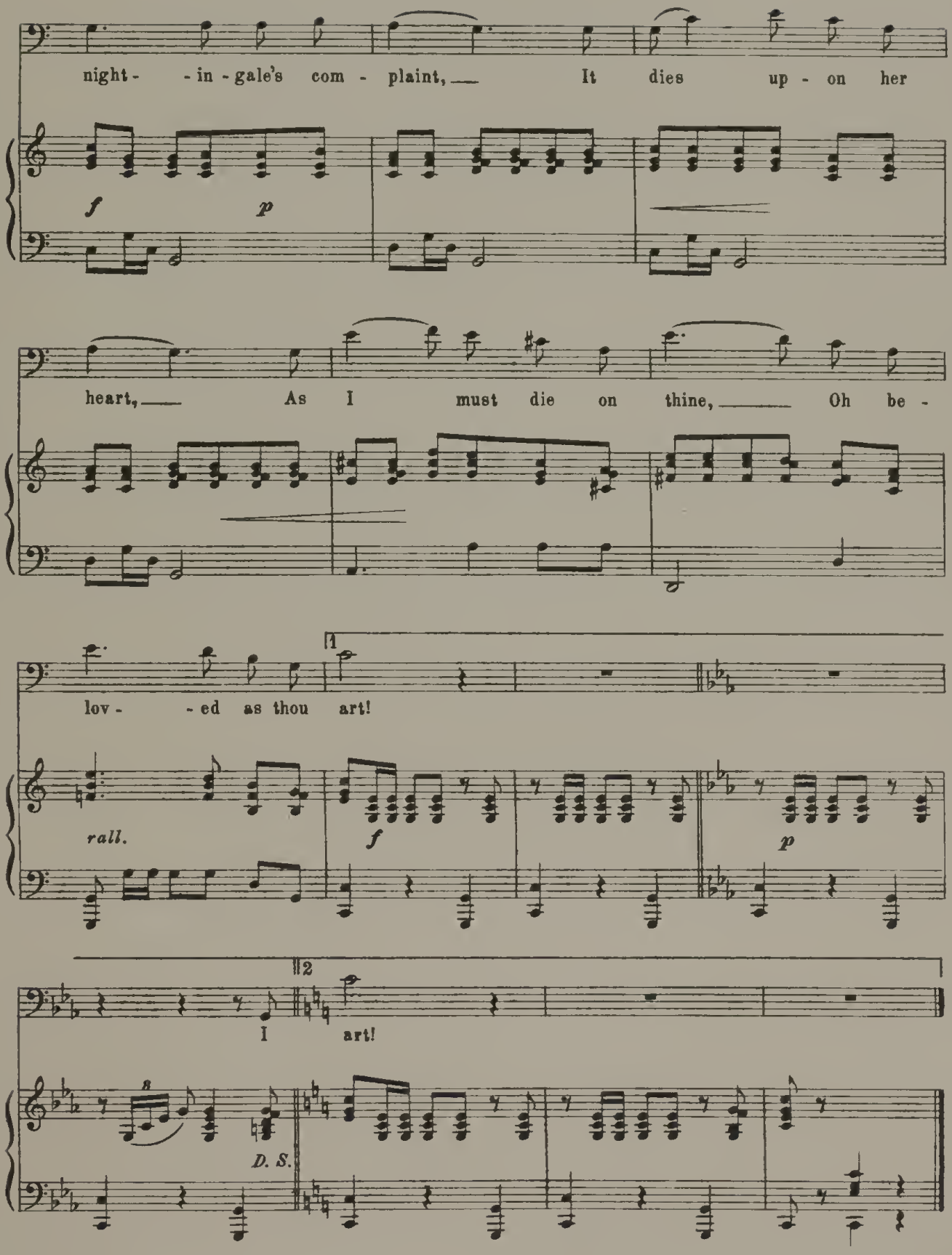

led me who knows how? To thy cham - ber win - dow sweet!
press it close to thine again When it must break at last!
Ah! Ah! The
rall.
wand' - ring airs they faint On dark and si - lent stream The
f
cham - pak o - dors fail Like sweet thoughts in a dream; The


night- -in-gale's com- plaint, It dies up- on her
f p
heart, As I must die on thine, Oh be-
1
lov- -ed as thou art!
rall.
f
p
2
I art!
8
D. S.